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WELL REGUN.

The refusal of the Vanderbilt people to repair upper Madison avenue between the tracks of the Fourth Avenue street-car line was bold, direct violation of faith, and would be enough ground for revocation of the company's charter. No corporation, no matter how much wealth is behind it, should consider its engrainment upon the city sufficient warrant for such defiance.

The Madison avenue right of way was a gift compared with which the few conditions imposed are trifling. The VANDERBILTS can well afford to put in order the middle of all the streets through which their road runs, and should be made to do it whether they can afford it or not.

Carriage travel in Harlem has a right equal to that in the lower parts of town to the protection which the street railway charters provide. No power should avail to evade the fulfillment of those conditions. Commissioner GRISWOLD, who has ordered this work done and will see to it that the VANDERBILTS settle the bill, deserves commendation for promptness.

Now let him attend to the famous Huckleberry line which runs to Fordham. The condition of its tracks is a disgrace and an imposition. THE EVENING WORLD has said so before, and what hinders the enforcement of law upon that kind paying railroad is more than any one can tell.

Treat them all alike.

A DUTY THAT IS PLAIN.

The London dock companies will find small sympathy in their cry for police protection. Perhaps the law entitles them to it, but they do not merit it upon grounds of justice. They are like the pig-headed fellow who invites some one to hit him. Every voice in England, whether of press or people, capital or what not, has been lifted in condemnation of the companies' course. Ship-owners even contemplate an appeal to Parliament to annul their charter. The right and wrong of the case seem plain enough.

If the dock companies really desire peace and safety, they can secure them more easily by yielding to the decent demands upon which the strike hinges. If they persist, in defiance of everybody's cry, to invite violence, they may be sure they will get it. Nor is the threat of a policeman's billy apt to mollify the half-starved dockmen. These pigheaded companies owe it to the peace and safety of London, as well as to the strikers, to give up.

The cost of their obstinacy may prove a terrible one.

GOVERNMENT BY CALVINISM.

President BENJAMIN to his fellow Presbyterians at the Log College anniversary yesterday:

Steadfastness is our characteristic. Our enemies call it obstinacy, and there are occasions when even that trait has its uses.

Now we understand many things. We begin to understand BENJAMIN, and also his partiality to Surplus-Spoiler TANNEY, he of the wide and sonorous mouth. There is a host of office-hunters who have this Calvinistic virtue, too, and BENJAMIN respects it wherever he finds it.

Stick to it, boys. Pound away at the portals of office. The President believes that Bible saying: "Yet by reason of thine iniquity shall be rise and let thee in."

A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS.

The wedding season is over, and the schooners of which LEUT. TUTTLE effected his farcical marriages are safe in Victoria unloading their catches. Not one of the captured boats obeyed his orders. British Canada chuckles, and wonders what BLAINE, HARRISON & Co. are going to do about it.

Here is a sequel: Last night the American flag was torn down in St. Stephen, N. B., dipped in a fountain, dragged through the street and left hanging to a barber's pole.

We are a great nation. We had better annex somebody.

DEATH OF PRINCE HAL.

HARRY W. GIBNEY is dead. His career was a striking one, to which the quiet commonplaceness of its ending is in strong contrast. He was a prominent figure in scenes which are now become historical. He was a part of the past of New York and was outworn along with the rest of his day. Many a man will fall into deep reveries as he pauses for a moment to say "Good-by to Prince Hal."

WATCH OUT.

The Giants missed a trick yesterday which they should have taken. Lost opportunities are dangerous matters at this juncture. Don't let it happen again. Your margin is too narrow, and your competitors too strong, for any fast and loose policy.

Everybody's eyes and many people's money are on you. Play ball.

The failure to promptly hang the HATFIELD butchers is a stain on Kentucky justice.

Their crime was fiendish, and malice premeditated was written upon the face of it. Yet they escaped with life imprisonment. Their political influence is a strong one, and their years of confinement need not be many.

The new West is nothing if not progressive. The Post-Office force at Spokane Falls, W. T., threatens to strike for more pay. Come, Farmer HARRISON, keep the trough full. The squeals are not pleasant to the ear.

BOULANGER is clamoring for a court-martial. He is bound to project himself again some way into the notice of France. He is more persistent than a bad odor.

The applejack district in Jersey has no apples this year. What an earthquake this is apt to cause in Jersey politics.

Gov. BRATER has waked at last and added to the cleaning force at Johnston. Two or three months late; that's all.

Chicago means business in this World's Fair matter. Where is our Finance Committee?

FANCIES.

"A Strain on an Organ"—Some of the wheezings we occasionally hear.

A white woman who married a Chinaman in Chicago after a divorce. She endured smoked rats and opium smoking; but when it came to being thrown downstairs she revolted.

When the energetic latter doesn't care and the heavy man at first best isn't there. When there's only two points shortage in the race.

How in goodness can the Giants get first place?

A thief who broke into a London house some mornings ago was forced to hide in the music room, and for four hours compelled to hear the various members of the family take piano lessons. Then he came from his concealment and begged to be taken to a police station.

"I don't understand how you can stay so continually in the house this summer. I feel as if I must get away, if only to see some new faces." "Oh, I don't need to go away for that. My wife has a new servant every day."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

It is said on reliable authority that Dr. Brown-Sequard has been married three times, twice to American girls.

Crickets have taken possession of Constantine in Algeria, and to keep out fresh arrivals the city has been surrounded with a fence 6 feet high and 30,000 feet long.

The man who in shaking hands lets you do all the work will wear watching.

Some people are unreasonable. A Chicago physician has publicly advocated that if the saloons were closed on Sundays the church doors be also kept shut. How are the girls going to get points on bonnets?

The man who owes the printer. And would rather pay over than pay. Will never wait for him. After the Judgment Day.—*Plymouth Mail.*

Dime museum men are after Graham, who says he went over Niagara Falls in a barrel. It may be interesting to know that, according to his own statement, Graham was fifty-two minutes without air on the alleged trip.

The Philadelphia Times suggests that the man who shoots his girl to make her love him and the girl who throws vitriol in her lover's face for the same purpose should marry and have it out with one another.

WORLDINGS.

Mrs. Harrison is in receipt of nearly thirty requests a day for pieces of her dresses and clippings from the President's neckties. The requests come from people who desire to use the pieces in crazy quilts or preserve them as mementoes.

Miss Lizzie Arnett, a pretty young blonde, carries the mail from Georgetown to Morgantown in West Virginia. She makes a round trip of eighteen miles a day.

The house that Vice-President Morton is to occupy in Washington contains 32 rooms. It was originally built for Lieut. Broadhead, who sold it to Prof. Graham Bell. Mr. Morton purchased it last spring.

The late Ninian Edwards was a brother-in-law of Abraham Lincoln, his wife being Miss Elizabeth P. Todd, Mrs. Lincoln's sister.

CORRECT JEWELRY FOR YOUNG MEN.

In gold jewelry the Roman finish is a popular one. Sleeve-buttons for men run somewhat larger in size.

Young men have a preference for the Dickens or double-pocket chain, especially when a seal cut into the chain from the center.

Gold plaques with plain bright surfaces figure as watch charms, and when they find owners are engraved with name and date.

Bear rings for men have been revived and are out in a variety of designs, some of the most attractive of which are enamelled and set with small stones.

The styles of most of the jewelry now worn show a decided tendency to those of the Renaissance with its combination of precious stones and colored enamel set in chased, engraved or filigree gold and silver.

How to Be Right Though Left.
(From Harper's Bazar.)

I never nursed a dear gazelle, And trained it to my side, But when I had it fit to sell, The creature went and died.

I never had a business scheme, And got it was sure to melt; But that some villain snatched my dream, And took my cash away.

I never asked a maid to be My wife, of home the least, But what, alas! she jilted me, And with another wed.

I never had a plate of cream But that 'twas sure to melt; I never backed a Western scheme But some one got my pelt.

I never had a single friend Really thought to trust, But what I'd ever to him lent, And find him ever bust.

So I decline forever to join The pessimistic set; For me there must be tenderness, And I'll be happy yet.

Reasons Enough for It.

(From Judge.)

"And how is your husband, Mrs. McCarty?" "Is he as hard a worker as ever?" "No; John ain't worked a day for seventeen years."

"Is he incapacitated?" "No, ma'am; he's dead."

He Rejected the Plan.

(From Punch.)

Stanzer—"I'd like to know how to get this poem published. I've sent it to a dozen editors, but it's of no use."

Carter—"You might put it in an envelope, leave it on your table and then commit suicide. All the papers would have it next day."

THE regular use of MORRIS' TREATING Compound during fevers averts the diarrhoea. 25 cents.

ANOTHER AMERICAN BRIDE.

BEAUTIFUL MISS CHAMBERLAIN WEDS A BRITISH ARMY OFFICER.

The groom is Capt. Herbert Naylor Leyland and he is said to be the wealthiest Officer in the Army.—The Prince of Wales Sends Two Handsome Gifts—Of for a Parisian Honey-moon.

And now even that beautiful and patriotic daughter of Columbia, Miss Jennie Chamberlain, who had Yankee spirit enough to



MRS. LEYLAND, NEE JENNIE CHAMBERLAIN, snub the Prince of Wales, has given her heart to an Englishman.

She was married yesterday to "Bagdad" Leyland, whose papa and mamma sport brass buttons on their respective coats of arms. The wedding was solemnized in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, and only a score of family friends looked on, Miss Josephine Chamberlain acting as bridesmaid and Percy Laming as best man.

The bride is a Cleveland girl of twenty-four years, and is descended from sterling Americans all around, her great grandfather having been born in Brattleboro, Vt. Selah Chamberlain, who reaped a cold million out of the Minnesota State Lottery years ago, and was in 1872 Democratic candidate for Congress for the Cleveland district, is her great-uncle, and Hiram Willson, United States Circuit Judge under President Pierce, was her maternal grandfather.

Miss Chamberlain has been a conspicuous American belle in London society for several seasons, her beauty, poise and thorough Yankee independence being marked. The Prince of Wales was her adorer. This was distasteful to her, and it was once said that she addressed him as "Jumbo," to humiliate him.

This she denied afterwards, adding pointedly: "I can rid myself of a nuisance without resorting to sublimely idiotic affront." She was no butterfly to be lured by the candle of aristocracy, and she has married one of the most popular men in the British Army.

Capt. Herbert Scarsbrick Naylor-Leyland, of the Second Life Guards, is twenty-five years old and a stalwart, handsome young fellow.

He is the wealthiest man in the British Army, and cannot be accused of seeking the wealth to which Miss Chamberlain is heiress. He has a magnificent country home at Nautsway, Rutland, his London house faces the French Embassy at Albany Gate. His father died three years ago, but his mother is living. The nickname "Bagdad" came to him through a shooting accident near Bagdad.

A detachment of troops from the Captain's regiment lined the aisle from door to chancel at yesterday's wedding, but the Prince of Wales was not present. He is on the continent. He, however, sent a horseshoe brooch studded with diamonds and pearls to the bride, and a scarf pin, with diamond and ruby settings, to the groom.

The bride was stately in her wedding gown of heavy white satin, embroidered with silver and blue, and the train bordered by orange blossoms. A veil of fine tulle, reaching to the end of the train, was surmounted by a wreath of these emblematic flowers.

Miss Chamberlain is said to be indescribable. It is enough that her portrait has been given a place in the Grosvenor Gallery, and that D'Epigny has made an exquisite bust of her in marble and bronze. Her companion piece to that of the Empress of Russia in the exhibition at Rome.

The wedding breakfast was served at Claridge's, and the bride and groom, for the first time after the ceremony, the bride traveling in a gown of gray cloth, trimmed with silver and mousseline de chignon, and a Violet hat.

A RATTLESAKE'S MISTAKE.

The Serpent Bit the Wrong Leg of a Nevada Justice.

Justice of the Peace Kehoe returned yesterday from a month's sojourn at Rubicon Springs, says the Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle. He relates the following amusing incident, which, for a time, relieved the monotony of life at that secluded mountain resort:

While wandering about in the vicinity of Rockbound Lake, accompanied by a boy, the Judge was struck on the leg by the fangs of a large rattlesnake. The boy witnessed the snake strike the Judge's leg and ran at full speed back to the hotel at Rubicon and gave the alarm.

A rescue party was hurriedly organized by the guests. The party, armed with at least a barrel of whiskey in flasks, decanters and bottles, hastened in the direction of the spot where the bite had been bitten by the venomous reptile.

The members of the rescue party had not proceeded far on their humane mission when they observed the Judge approaching. His usual limp in walking seemed greatly intensified by their alarmed imaginations.

A glorious rush was made for the Judge, and a hundred flasks were instantly uncorked, the odor of whiskey supplanting that of fragrant pines, firs and wild flowers—each owner of a flask being eager to have the Judge first partake of the contents, and others endeavoring to strip his trousers off to apply healing ointments to the wound.

The Judge finally was able to explain that he had been struck on the leg by a rattlesnake, and while indicating with his finger the spot where the reptile's poisonous fangs struck, remarked that it was his second leg that had been bitten, and therefore the wound would not prove serious.

The Judge afterward killed the snake and exhibited the end of the tail as a trophy, which is ornamented with seven rattles.

Averse to Reason, Not to Rhyme.

(From Punch.)

Poe T. Aster—Strange that the President of the French Republic, who writes verses, never prints them.

Old Prong—Possibly he does not wish to rhyme his people to death, "as they do rats in Ireland."

Poe T. Aster—Ah! but it's no rhyme they're verse to in France. It's reason.

Water Runs Down.

Ill, and just as naturally, life, energy and strength are gained by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. The peculiar toning, purifying and vitalizing qualities of this successful medicine are felt throughout the entire system, expelling disease and giving quick, healthy action to every organ. If you suffer from any disease of the blood, stomach disorder or difficulty with the liver and kidneys, try the peculiar medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

SILAS STICKUM'S HORSE TRADE.

A TALE OF MISPLACED OPINION.

BY THE "EVENING WORLD" POET.

Now, then, Matildy Jane, I hain't said nothin, so far, Tu you about Sam Smillage as regards his comin' here.

He's burnt my taller candles past the shank o' Winter evenin's, 'Nd raked my gate in Summer fur goin' on two year.

He's brung his durned old fiddle 'nd made it squawk fur marcy. He's drunk 'bout all my cider 'nd eat my Northern boys.

His critter's colly gnawed the bark all off my silver maples. While he was inside contin' 'nd eatin punkin pies.

He's tuk ye off to huskin' bees, singin' skales 'nd pienes. In hayin' time 'nd harvest, when ye oughter been to him.

A-helpin' mother with her work as a good darter oughter.



'Nd durin' the hull livin' time I've chawed 'nd just kep' mum.

Just 'cause he's got a hoss 'nd goes to Baptist meetin'.

'Nd argifies the Bible tu a class in Sunday-school.

Don't prove that he's the feller to marry Stickum's darter.

Or that he ain't in some things a nateral born fool.

Sam's harmless as a dove, but the wisdom of the upland rook.

Wot the Bible tells us of Sam don't know nothin' 'bout.

'Nd in this world of sorrow the more of the old sarpint.

A feller has the better fur him—you hear me shout?

What's that, Matildy Jane? You ask me wot's the matter!

I s'pose I'd better tell ye 'nd then you'll understand.

He ain't the chap I'm wantin' to come into my family.

He may be mighty pious, but I hain't stuck on the brand.

You know my old roan hoss wot's got a big bone spavin.

Got him of Jocky Ketchum 'nd threw in the old mare.

Got fifty dollars down to boot—the mare she wasn't worth havin'.

She wouldn't brung ten dollars at a vendue anywhere.

Yistly I wuz drivin' the roan down by the tavern.

He ain't a limpin' now, sin' I turned him out to grass.

When I met Sam a-drivin' that fine black hoss of hisin.

He kinder slowed up, actin' as if he didn't want to pass.

'Mornin', Mr. Stickum, 'sez he, 'Mornin', 'Sam', 'sez I to him.

'Likely lookin' critter,' sez he, sorter sizin' up old roan.

'Now, yer talkin', Sam,' sez I; 'splendid action, style and vim.

'Ain't afraid o' nothin', sez I; 'wimmen folks drive him alone.'

Seen he kinder liked the hoss, I told him tu git in.

Thinks I, 'If I don't stick you now, Silas Stickum ain't my name.'

He hitched his hoss 'nd jumped aboard 'nd I made old roan spin.

'Nd all the time wuz skeered to death fur fear that he'd go lame.

Well, then I rode with him; he didn't urse his critter.

But let him go along 'nd take his way 'bout all the while.

I looked the hoss all over, that wa'n't a blemish on him.

He beat the roan all holler fur soundness 'nd fur style.

Then Sam wuz right fur tradin'; I played him kinder keeful.

'Nd acted kinder offish 'bout lettin' the roan go.

Said he wuz sound and willin', 'nd gentle as a kitten.

'Nd that tu all my wimmen folks 'twould be an orful boon.

The dum fool ken a lookin' 'nd didn't see the spavin.

'Nd seemed to me it never looked more'n half as big before.

A mule who couldn't see it'd stumble o'er a saw-mill.

'Nd couldn't find a haystack if 'twas bigger'n all outdoor.

At last he got so anxious I see 'twas time tu land him.

'Nd what will ye give me tu boot betwix the two?

I'd been glad to let him have the roan 'nd twenty dollars.

Fur his black hoss, 'nd stuck him then fur sure, 'twixt me and you.

'I'll give ye twenty dollars tu boot fur that roan critter.'

'Sez he, I shook my head. 'Sez I, 'I'ruther guess not Sam.'

Sez he, 'I'll give ye thirty.' 'Sez I, 'The roan is yoursin'.

'Nd had just all that I could do tu keep my furs ca'm.

He said he'd bring his hoss around this mornin' to be stablized.

'Nd paid the money down, but I never s'posed he wou'd.

He did though, sure as you are born, 'nd your old dad's been able Tu sock it tu; your bo fur 'bout a hundred dollars good.

Good Lord! he wouldn't know enuf to pick u chips in Summer; He'd freeze to death in Winter in a duster 'nd straw hat.

Now then, Matildy Jane, you don't suppose I'm wantin' A feller for a son-in-law who don't know more 'n that!

He'd mortify me most to death a-tradin' with the neighbors, 'Nd 'lowin' them to stick him 'bout three times out o' the year.

I've sot my foot down Tildy, you can't have that Sam Smillage. No half-baked baptist meetin' man kin settle down on me.

You say that Sam wuz here last night 'nd told about the trade. Just like the blamed fool any way, he'd better 've kep' still.

He don't know nothin', Tildy, 'nd he must quit his comin'.

If you don't tell him so next time he comes you bet I will.

Now what in thunderation are ye laughin' at, Matildy?

What's that you say?—Sam says he stuck me! Well, now, I should smile.

He won't think so, Matildy, about this time t'morrow.

I'll bet the roan'll go dead lame afore he's gone two mile.

You say that Sam knew all about that blasted big bone spavin!

Dum likely, ain't it, when he give a sum like that tu boot?

Why, he wuz tickled half to death just at the thought o' havin'.

The spavined critter! I know better, he's stuck—that Baptist cool.

You say Sam says he only give ten dollars fur his critter!

He lies, Matildy Jane! It's worth a hundred cool.

Don't pay no 'tention 'tall tu what that feller says.

He may sling gospel proper, but at tradin' he's a fool.

Did I look at his hoss's eyes!—well—no, I guess I didn't.

That's, not real particular; I reckon they're all right.

Leastways I guess they are, I really s'pose I ought tu.